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T. H. HOSKINS, M. D., Editor.

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"JONES."

A Story for People who want more Land.

I knew a man and he lived in Jones—
Which Jones is a county of red hills and stones—
And he lived pretty much by getting of loans,
And his mules were nothing but skin and bones,
And his hogs were flat as his corn-bread pones,
And he had 'bout a thousand acres of land.

This man—and his name was also Jones—
He swore that he'd leave them old red hills and stones,
For he couldn't make nothin' but yellowish cotton,
And little of that for his fences were rotten,
And what little cotton he had, that was boughten,
And he couldn't get a living from the land.

And the longer he swore the madder he got,
And he rose and he walked to the stable lot,
And he hollored to Tom to come there and hitch,
For to emigrate somewhere where the land was rich,
And to quit raising cock burs, thistles and sich,
And wasting their time on barren land.

So him and Tom they hitched up their mules,
Protesting that folks were mighty big fools
That 'ud stay in Georgia their lifetime out,
Jest scratching a living, when all of them mought
Get places in Texas where cotton would sprout
By the time you could plant it in the land.

And he drove by a house where a man named Brown
Was living, not far from the edge of the town,
And he bantered Brown for to buy his place.
And said that seeing as money was skace,
And seeing as sheriffs were hard to face,
Two dollars an acre would get the land.

They closed at a dollar and fifty cents,
And Jones he bought him a wagon and tents.
And loaded his corn, and his women, and truck,
And moved to Texas, which it tuck
His entire pile, with the best of luck,
To get there and get him a little land.

But Brown moved out on the old Jones' farm,
And he rolled up his breeches and bared his arm,
And he picked all the rocks from off'n the ground
And he rooted it up and ploughed it down,
And sowed his corn and wheat in the land.

Five years glid by, and Brown, one day,
(Who got so fat that he wouldn't weigh,)
Was a sitting down, sorter lazily,
To the bulliest dinner you ever see,
When one of the children jumped on his knee
And says, "yan's Jones, which you bought his land."

And there was Jones, standing out at the fence,
And he hadn't no wagon, nor mules nor tents,
For he had left Texas a-foot and came
To Georgia to see if he couldn't get some
Employment, and he was looking as hum-
Ble as if he had never owned any land.

But Brown he asked him in, and he sot
Him down to his victuals smoking hot,
And when he had filled himself and the floor
Brown looked at him sharp and rove and swore
That "whether men's land was rich or poor,
There was more in the man than there was in the land.'

Macon, Ga., Telegraph.

AN EXTEMPORANEOUS ICE-HOUSE.

There are multitudes of farmers, and mechanics even, deterred from saving ice for themselves, by the cost of an ice-house, although they can be made of the rudest materials and with home labor. We can extemporize an ice-house without making a tenon or sawing a board. Construct a pen near the pond or stream where the ice is to be gathered, choosing if possible a gravel-bank where there will be good drainage. The pen may be made of rails twelve feet long, or of any desired length. The larger the pen, the better the ice will keep. Lay up two rails upon each of the four sides. Make the bottom level, and cover it a foot or more with straw, sea-weed, or any convenient refuse vegetable matter. Sawdust is better than straw if it can be had. Spent tan-bark is a good material for this foundation. Cut the cakes of ice in the usual manner, and pack them closely, filling the interstices with pounded ice, and if the weather is freezing pour on a little water to make it solid. Pack the outside with a foot of straw, sawdust, or other material, and put up the fence as the pile of ice rises. The pile can be conveniently made about eight feet high. Cover the top with at least eighteen inches of sawdust, or two feet of straw trodden down closely. Make a roof of boards or slabs slanting to the north, sufficiently steep to shed water, and fasten with a few nails. Such a pile of ice as this can be secured by a couple of men and a team in a day. A cheap ice-box made with double sides and packed with sawdust will be wanted. The inner chamber should be about 2 feet long 2 feet deep, and 18 inches wide. This will hold a single cake of ice weighing a hundred pounds or more, and leave room on top to keep milk, fresh meats, fruits, and other matters. It will last from four days to a week, according to the quantity that is used in the drinking-water. If the extemporaneous ice-house is not disturbed more than once a week, it will probably supply the family through the summer with abundance of ice. We think any farmer who tries this simple method of supplying his family with ice one season will not fail to put up a permanent building the next, and lay in his stores of ice as regularly as his pork and potatoes. It pays in the ice-pitcher as a luxury, and saves many times its cost in preserving perishable articles.—*Hearth and Home.*

FALLACIES IN BUILDING.

To suppose that timber, growing in the woods or floating in water to-day, can be placed in a building next week, and stay where it is put.

That if such timber be used, the walls will not crack.

That the base, window panels, casings, &c., made of such timber, will not part company with the floors from one-fourth to three-fourths of an inch in less than a year, and that the builder put unseasoned lumber in the latter.

That kiln dried lumber is as good as lumber thoroughly air seasoned, or that the atmosphere has no influence upon it.

That a joint once tight will always remain so.

That if trimmings be put up before plastering, or trimmed on green walls, that putty will not be in great demand when they dry.

That hot air from a furnace will not start and open every piece of wood work with which it comes in contact, nine times out of ten.

That if partitions be not properly braced, bridged and secured at angles, that plastering will not crack.

That ceilings are less likely to crack if cross-furred.

That a pailful of lime to a cartload of sand will make mortar of any practical use, either for plastering or brick work.

That it injures mortar by mixing it some time before using it, or that if mixed one day and applied the next, it won't blister and crack.

That a cement roof so soft that it fills the leaders in summer, or so hard it cracks in winter, will not occasion the want of new ceilings in a little time.

That a "botch" can build as good a building as a thorough mechanic.

That in all cases money is saved by contracting with the lowest bidder.

That all knowledge in relation to building is embodied in every one who signs "architect" after his name.

That architects and builders never "lay in together" and owners never get "shorn" through that little arrangement.

That architects, as a rule, get no other commissions on buildings except the traditional "five per cent. on the cost."

That builders always carry out plans and specifications to the letter.

That there are no high minded, conscientious, competent architects, and no honest, reliable builders; and that either class does not bear a reputation to that of any other business men.

That a builder does not require an extended theoretical, nor an architect as extended a practical knowledge, to be successful.

That no builder can be a successful architect, or that a practical architect cannot be a successful builder.

That you, reader, without practical knowledge, know a great deal more about the details of a house than of a locomotive.

FARM HELP.

What proportion of the men whose sole occupation is farming really know anything about it? who can perform any single operation in the best manner and in a reasonable time? who know what an honest day's work on a farm is? But look at other occupations: Suppose a journeyman bricklayer applies to a builder for work; this builder understands his business; as soon as he sees the man he has employed pick up a trowel he knows whether he is a workman or not; he requires that his work be done in the best manner; he knows what a day's work is and requires it to be done and only pays for what is done; he does not pay for defective work or for time lost by shirking; and so of the carpenter, the plasterer, the blacksmith, the shoemaker, and all others except the farmer. It is thought by some that farmers get more hours of labor per day than mechanics; that is a mistake. Ten hours is the mechanic's day's work, and he gets paid only for the hours he works; at some particular times the farmer does work more than ten hours, but take the year round and he does not average ten hours even if there is no intentional shirking; quarter days and hours of lost time are seldom or never counted against employes except at exceptional times to day men, such as in harvest or threshing when extra wages are paid. In nine cases out of ten the farm laborer that gets fifteen dollars per month and board the year around saves, or can save, more money than his employer, and in many cases the employer is lucky if the surplus products of his farm will pay the laborer, with his own labor (in many cases more than any one of his employes) thrown in "free gratis for nothing;" and this condition of things will continue until farmers learn the importance of conducting their business on business principles.—*Colman's Rural.*

THE PEERLESS POTATO.

We are indebted to Mr. Levi Defreest, of Troy, N. Y., for a barrel of Peerless potatoes. They are of large size, most of them weighing from three-quarters to over a pound each, and first rate in quality. In a note just received from Dr. Parker, of Ithaca, he says: "The Peerless certainly deserves the name. We have never tried a potato that equals it; the yield this year has been double that of the Albany Seedling. We have specimens weighing three and four pounds, which are solid, and one mass of deliciously edible, mealy white, when boiled. The skin is delicately white, clear and smooth. The washing of it is easy, and nothing can exceed the beauty of its clear whiteness. No new potato, and few old ones cook as easily, clear through to a mealy, flour-like substance. Its flavor is the best. On the plate, with salt and butter, it is the finest of dishes.—*Country Gentleman.*

DEPTH OF CORN ROOTS.—Alvah Beeman, of Crawford county, Pa., who raised last year 179 bushels of ears of corn to the acre, states that himself and neighbors have measured the depth to which the premium crop of corn roots ran, and found the main body of them 7 to 10 inches from the surface, without hilling up, "and many roots from 16 to 22 inches deep, according to the size of the stalk—the larger the deeper."

The people are sick and tired of partisan politics, and are showing signs everywhere of their determination to set up in business on their own account. The toiling millions who dig in the dirt and produce the food which feeds the nation will be heard, and when their fiat goes forth the congress of politicians will be thunderstruck. Past differences created by selfish and designing aspirants must be healed.